Mr George Withers Revived:

OR,

His PROPHESIE of our present Calamity, and (except we repent) future misery.

Written by him in the Year 1628: *Printed.* 16. Feb. 1679/80

GOD hath a controversie with our Land,
And in an evil plight affairs do stand:
Already we do smart for doing ill,
Yet us the hand of God afflicteth still,
And many see it not; as many be
So wilfull, that his hand they will not see.
Some plainly view the same, but nothing care;
Some at the sight thereof amazed are
Like *Belthazar*, and have a trembling heart,
Yet will not from their vanities depart.
Some dream that all things do by chance succeed,
And that I prate more of them than I need:
But Heaven and Earth to witness I invoke,
That causelesly I nothing here have spoke.
If this, O sickly *Island*, thou believe,
And for thy great infirmity shalt grieve,
And grieving of thy follies make confessions,
And so confess thine infinite transgressions,
That thou amend those errors, God shall then
Thy manifold distempers cure agen;
Make all thy Scarlet Sins as white as Snow,
And cast thy threatned judgments on thy foe.
But if thou (fondly thinking thou art well)
Shalt slight this Message, which my Muse doth tell,
And scorn her counsel; if thou shalt not rue
Thy former ways, but frowardly pursue
Thy wilfull course; then hark what I am bold
(In spight of all thy madness) to unfold:
For I will tell thy Fortune; which, when they
That are unborn shall read another day;
They will believe Gods mercy did infuse
Thy Poets breast with a Prophetick Muse.
And know, that he this Author did preser,
To be from him, this *Isles Remembrancer*.
If thou, I say, Oh *Britain*, shalt retain
Thy crying sins, thou dost presume in vain
Of Gods Protection: If thou stop thine ear,
Or burn this Rowl, in which recorded are
Thy just Indictments, it shall written be
With new additions, deeply stampt on thee
With such Characters, that no time shall race
Their fatal image from thy scarred face.
Though haughtily thou dost thy self dispose,
Because the Sea thy borders doth inclose;
Although thou multiply thy inland Forces,
And muster up large Troops of Men and Horses;
Though like an Eagle thou thy wings display'st,
And (high thy self advancing) proudly say'st,
I sit aloft, and am so high, that none
Can fetch me from the place I rest upon:
Yea, though thou no advantages didst want,
Of which the glorieſt Emperies did vaunt;
Yet, sure, thou shalt be humbled and brought low,
Ev'n then, perhaps, when less thou fear'st it so.
Till thou repent, provisions which are made
For thy defence, or others to invade,
Shall be in vain; and still, the greater cost
Thou shalt bestow, the honour that is lost
Shall be the greater; and thy wasted strength
Be sick of a Consumption at the length.
Thy *Treaties* which for peace or profit be,
Shall neither peace nor profit bring to thee.
Yea, all thy winnings shall but fewel be,
To feed those follies that now spring in thee.
On all thy fruits and Cattel in the fields,
On what the Air, or what the Water yields,
On Prince and People, on both weak and strong,
On Priest and Prophet, on both old and young;
Yea, on each person, place, and every thing,
The plague it hath deserved, God shall bring.
A leanness shall thy fatness quite devour;
Thy Wheat shall in the place of wholesom Flower,
Yield nought but Bran. Instead of Grass and Corn,
Thou shalt in time of Harvest reap the Thorn,
The Thistle, and the Briar. Of their shadows
Thy Groves shall robbed be. Thy Flower Medows
Shall sterile wax. There shall be seldom seen
Sheep on the Downs, or Shepherds on the Green.
Thy Walks, thy Gardens, and each pleasant Plot,
Shall be as those where men inhabit not.
Thy Villages, where goodly dwellings are,
Shall stand as if they unfrequented were.
Thy Cities, and thy Palaces, wherein
Most neatness and magnificence hath been,
Shall heaps of rubbish be, and (as in those
Demolish'd Abbies, wherein Daws and Crowes
Now make their nests) the Bramble and the Nettle,
Shall in their Halls and Parlours root and settle:
And moreover, they that now are trained,
In ease, and with soft pleasures entertained;
Instead of idle games, and wanton dances,
Shall practice how to handle Guns and Lances.

And be compell'd to leave their friends embraces,
To end their lives in divers uncouth places,
Or elſe, thy face, with their own blood deſile,
In hope to keep themſelves and thee from ſpoil.
Thy pureſt Rivers God ſhall turn to blood;
With every lake that hath been ſweet and good.
Ev'n in thy noſtrils he ſhall make it ſtink,
For nothing ſhall thy people eat or drink,
Until their own, or others blood it coſt;
Or put their lives in hazard to be loſt.
Moſt loathſom Frogs, that is a race impure,
Of baſe coercition, and of birth obſcure,
This hateful brood ſhall climb to croke and ſing,
Within the lodging-Chambers of the *King*;
Yea, there make practiſe of thoſe natural notes,
Which iſſue from their evil-founding throats,
To wit, vain brags, revilings, ribaldries,
Vile ſlaunders, and unchriſtian blaſphemies.
The Land ſhall breed a naſty Generation,
Unworthy either of the reputation
Or name of men; for they as Lice ſhall feed,
Even on the body whence they did proceed;
There ſhall moreover ſwarms of divers Flies
Engendred be in thy proſperities,
To be a plague: and ſtill are humming ſo,
As if they meant ſome weighty work to do,
When as, upon the common ſtock they ſpend;
And nought perform of that which they pretend.
Then ſhall a darkneſs follow, far more black,
Than when the light corporeal thou doſt lack.
For, groſſeſt ignorance, o'reſhadowing all,
Shall in ſo thick a darkneſs thee inthrall,
That thou a blockiſh people ſhalt be made,
Still wandring out in a deceiving ſhade,
Miſtruſting thoſe, that faſeſt paths are ſhowing,
Moſt truſting them who counſel thy undoing;
And ay tormented be with doubts and fears,
As one that Out cries in dark places hears.
Nor ſhall the hand of God from thee return,
Till he hath alſo ſmote thy eldeſt born.
That is, till he hath taken from thee quite,
Ev'n that whereon thou ſet'ſt thy whole delight;
And filled ev'ry houſe throughout thy Nation,
With deaths unlooked for, and lamentation.
So great ſhall be thy ruine, and thy ſhame,
That when thy neighbouring Kingdoms hear the ſame,
Their ears ſhall tingle. And when that day comes,
In which thy follies muſt receive their dooms;
A day of clouds, a day of gloominеſs,
A day of black deſpair and heavineſs,
It will appear. And then thy vanities,
Thy gold and ſilver, thy conſedracies,
And all thoſe Reeds on which thou haſt depended,
Will fail thy truſt, and leave thee unbefriended.
Thy King, thy Prieſts, and Prophets then ſhall mourn,
And peradventure fainedly return
To beg of God to ſuccour them: but they
Who will not hearken to his voice to day,
Shall cry unheeded; and he will deſpiſe
Their Vows, their Prayers, and their Sacrifice.
A Sea of troubles, all thy hopes ſhall ſwallow;
As waves on waves, ſo plague on plague ſhall follow:
And every thing that was a bleſſing to thee,
Shall turn to be a curſe, and help undo thee.
And when thy ſin is fully ripe in thee,
Thy Prince and People then alike ſhall be.
Thou ſhalt have Babes to be thy Kings, or worſe,
Thoſe Tyrants who by cruelty and force,
Shall take away thy ancient freedoms quite,
From all their Subjects; yea themſelves delight
In their vexations: and all thoſe that are
Made ſlave thereby, ſhall murmur, yet not dare
To ſtir againſt them. By degrees they ſhall
Deprive thee of thy Patrimonials all;
Compel thee (as in other Lands this day)
For thine own meat, and thine own drink to pay.
And at the laſt begin to exerciſe
Upon thy Sons, all heatheniſh tyrannies,
As juſt *Prerogatives*. To theſe intents,
Thy Nobles ſhall become their inſtruments;
For they who had their birth from Noble races,
Shall (ſome and ſome) be brought into diſgraces.
From Offices they ſhall excluded ſtand,
And all their vertuous off-ſpring, from their Land
Shall quite be worn: inſtead of whom ſhall riſe
A brood advanced by impieties.
That ſeek how they more great and ſtrong may grow,
By compaſſing the publick overthrow.
They ſhall abuſe thy Kings with Tales and Lies;
With ſeeming love, and ſervile flatteries;
They ſhall perſwade them they have power to make,
Their Wills their Law, and as they pleaſe to take
Their peoples goods, their children and their lives,
Ev'n by their juſt and due *Prerogatives*.
When thus much they have made them to believe,
Then they ſhall teach them practiſes to grieve
Their Subjects by, and inſtruments become
To help the ſcruing up by ſome and ſome,
Of Monarchies to Tyrannies. They ſhall
Abuſe Religion, Honeſty, and all
To compaſs their Deſigns. They ſhall deviſe
Strange Projects; and with impudence and lies,
Proceed in ſetling them. They ſhall forget
Thoſe reverent ulages which do befit
The Majeſty of State; and rail, and ſtorm,
When they pretend diſorders to reform.
In their high Counſels, and where men ſhould have
Kind admonitions, and reprovings grave,
When they offend, they ſhall be threatned there,
Or ſcoft, or taunted, though no cauſe appear.
Whatever from thy people they can tear
Or borrow, they ſhall keep, as if it were
A prize which had been taken from the foe,
And they ſhall make no conſcience what they do
To prejudice Poſterity: For they
To gain their luſt, but for the preſent day,
Shall with ſuch love unto themſelves endeavour,
That (though they know it would undo for ever
Their own poſterity) it ſhall not make
The Monſters any better courſe to take.
Nay, God ſhall give them for their offences,
To ſuch uncomely reprobated ſenſes:
And blind them ſo, that (when the Axe they ſee
Ev'n hewing at the root of thine own tree,
By their own handy-ſtrokes) they ſhall not grieve
For their approaching fall: no, nor believe
Their fall approacheth, nor aſſume that heed,
Which might prevent it, till they fall indeed.
Mark well, oh *Britain!* what I now ſhall ſay,
And do not ſlightly paſs theſe words away;
But be aſſured, that when God begins,
To bring that vengeance on thee for thy ſins,
Which hazzard will thy total overthrow,
Thy Prophets and thy Prieſts ſhall ſlily ſow
The ſeeds of that diſſention and ſedition,
Which time will ripen for thy ſaid perdition:
But not unleſs the Prieſts thereto conſent,
For in thoſe days ſhall few men innocent
Be grieved (through any quarter of the Land)
In which thy Clergy ſhall not have ſome hand.

If ever in thy fields (as God forbid)
The blood of thine own children shall be shed
By civil discord, they shall blow thy flame,
That will become thy ruin, and thy shame;
And thus it will be kindled, when the times
Are nigh at worst, and thy increasing crimes,
Almost compleat; the Devil shall begin,
To bring strange Crotchets and Opinions in
Among thy *Teachers*, which will breed disunion,
And interrupt the visible Communion
Of thy establish't *Church*. And in the stead
Of zealous Pastors (who Gods Flock did feed)
There shall arise within thee, by degrees,
A Clergy, that shall more desire to fleece
Than feed the Flock. A Clergy it shall be
Divided in it self: and they shall thee
Divide among them, into several factions,
Which rend thee will, and fill thee with distractions:
They all in outward-seeming shall pretend
Gods glory, and to have a pious end;
But under colour of sincere devotion,
Their study shall be temporal promotion;
Which will among themselves strong quarrels make,
Wherein thy other children shall partake.
As to the Persons, or the cause they stand
Affected, ev'n quite throughout the *Land*.
One part of these will for preferment strive,
By lifting up the Kings Prerogative
Above it self; They shall perswade him to
Much more than *Law*, or *Conscience* bids him do;
And say, God warrants it. His holy *Laws*
They shall alledg, to justifie their cause;
And impudently wrest, to prove their ends,
What God for better purposes intends.
They shall not blush to say, that ev'ry *King*
May do like *Solomon* in every thing,
As if they had his Warrant: and shall dare
Ascribe to Monarchs, rights that proper are
To none but Christ; and mix their flatteries
With no less gross and wicked blasphemies,
Than Heathens did; yea make their *King* believe,
That whomsoever they oppress or grieve
It is no wrong; nor fit for men oppressed
To seek by their own *Laws* to be redressed.
Nay further, to their wicked ends they shall
Apply the sacred *Story*; or what ever,
May seem to further their unjust endeavour,
Ev'n what the Son of *Hamah* told the *Jews*
Should be their scourge (because they did refuse
The Sov'raignty of God, and were so vain,
To ask a King, which over them might raign
As Heathen *Princes* did) that curse, they shall
Affirm to be a Law *Monarchicall*,
Which God himself established to stand,
Throughout all ages, and in every Land,
Which is as good *Divinity*, as they
Have also taught, who do not blush to say
That *Kings* may have both *Wives* and *Concubines*,
And, by that Rule whereby these great *Divines*
Shall prove their *Tenet*, I dare undertake
(If found it hold) that I like proof will make
Of any *Jewish* Custom, and devise,
Authority for all absurdities.
But, false it is; for, might all Kings at pleasure
(As by the right of Royalty) make seisure
Of any mans possessions: why, I pray
Did *Ahab* grieve, that *Naboth* said him nay?
Why made he not this answer thereunto,
(If what the *Prophet* said some *Kings* would do,
Were justly to be done) thy *Vineyard's* mine;
And, at my pleasure, *Naboth*, all that's thine
Assume I may; why, like a Turky-chick
Did he so foolishly grow sullen-sick,
And get possession by a wicked fact
Of what might have been his by Royal Act?
If such Divinity as this were true,
The Queen should not have needed to pursue
Poor *Naboth*, as she did, or so contrive
His death; since by the *Kings Prerogative*
She might have got his *Vineyard*. Nor would God
Have scourg'd that Murther with so keen a rod
On *Ahab*, had he asked but his due:
For, he did neither. Plot, nor yet pursue
The Murther; nor (for ought that we can tell)
Had knowledg of the deed of *Jezabel*,
Till God reveal'd it by the Prophet to him.
Nor is it said, that *Naboth* wrong did do him,
Or disrespect, in that he did not yeild,
To sell, or give, or to exchange his Field.
Now if what here is mention'd, thou dost heed,
(Oh *Britain*!) in those times that shall succeed,
It may prevent much loss, and make thee shun
Those mischiefs, whereby Kingdoms are undone,
But, to thy other sins, if thou shalt add
Rebellions (as false Prophets will perswade)
Which likely are to follow, when thou shalt
In thy profession of *Religion* halt:
Then will thy Kings and people scourge each other
For their offences, till both fall together:
By weakning of your Powers to make them way,
Who seek and look for that unhappy day.
Then shall disorder ev'ry where abound,
And neither just nor pious man be found,
The best shall be a *Bryer* and a *Thorn*,
By whom their neighbour shall be scratcht and torn.
Thy *Princes* shall to nothing condescend
For any merit, just, or pious end;
But either for increasing of their treasure,
Or for accomplishing their wilful pleasure:
And unto what they sell, or daign for meed,
There shall be given little trust or heed:
For, that which by their words confirm they shall
(The Royal seals uniting therewithall)
A toy shall frustrate, and a gift shall make
Their strictest *Orders* no effect to take.
The Parents, and the Children shall despise
And hate, and spoil each other: she that lies
Within her Husbands bosom, shall betray him;
They who thy people should protect, shall slay them:
The aged shall regarded be of none,
The poor shall by the rich be trodden on:
Such grievous insolencies everywhere
Shall acted be, that good and bad shall fear
In thee to dwell; and men discreet shall hate
To be a *Ruler*, or a *Magistrate*;
When they behold (without impenitence)
So much injustice, and such violence.
And when thy wickedness this height shall gain,
To which, no doubt, it will ere long attain,
If thou proceed: Then from the bow that's bent,
(And half way drawn already) shall be sent
A mortal arrow; and it pierce thee shall
Quite through the head, the liver, and the gall.
The Lord shall call, and whistle from a far,
For those thine enemies that fiercest are,
For those thou feares't most; and they shall from
Their Countries, like a whirlwind hither come:
They shall not sleep, nor stumble, nor untie
Their garments, till within thy fields they lie.
Sharp shall their arrows be, and strong their bow,
Their faces shall as full of horrour show,

As

As doth a Lyons. Like a bolt of thunder,
Their Troops of Horse shall come and tread thee under
Their Iron feet. Thy foes shall eat thy bread,
And with thy Flocks both cloathed be and fed.
Thy dwellers they shall carry from their own,
To Countries which their Fathers have not known:
And thither shall such mischiefs them pursue,
That they who seek the pit-fall to eschew,
Shall in a snare be taken. If they shall
Escape the Sword, a Serpent in the wall
To death shall sting them: yea (although they hap
To shun a hundred plagues) they shall not scape;
But, with new danger still be chas'd about,
Until that they are wholly rooted out.

The *Plowman* then, shall be afraid to sow;
Artificers, their labour shall forego;
The Merchant-man shall cross the Seas no more,
(Except to fly and seek some other shore)
Thy ableſt men shall faint, the wise ones then,
Shall know themselves to be but foolish men.
And they who built and planted by oppression,
Shall leave their gettings to the foes possession:
Yea, God will scourge thee, *England*, seven times more,
With seven times greater *Plagues* than heretofore.
Then, thy *Allies* their friendship shall withdraw;
And, they that of thy greatness stood in awe,
Shall say (in scorn) is this the valiant Nation,
That had throughout the world such reputation,
By Victories upon the shore? Are these
That people that were Masters of the Seas,
And grew so mighty? Yea, that petty Nation,
That is not worthy of thy indignation,
Shall mock thee too; and all thy former fame,
Forgot shall be, or mention'd to thy shame.

Then wo to them who darkness more have lov'd
Than light; and good advice have disapprov'd:
For they shall wander in a crooked path,
Which neither light, nor end, nor comfort hath.
And when for *Guides* and *Counsel*, they do cry,
Not one shall pity them who passeth by.

Then wo to them that have corrupted been,
To justifie the wicked in his sin;
Or, for a bribe the righteous to condemn:
For flames (as on the chaff) shall seize on them:
Their bodies to the Dunghil shall be cast;
Their flower shall turn to dust; their flock shall waste,
And all the glorious titles they have worn,
Shall but increase their infamy and scorn.

Then wo to them that have been rais'd aloft
By good mens ruins; and by laying soft
And easie pillows under great mens Arms.
To make them pleas'd in their alluring charms.
We gather Armies, and we Fleets prepare;
And then, both strong and safe we think we are.
But when we look for Victories and glory,
What follows, but events that make us sorry?
And 'tis Gods mercy that we turn our faces
With so few losses, and no more disgraces.
For what are most of those whom we commend
Such actions to; and whom we forth do send
To fight those Barrels which the Lords we call,
But, such as neither fight for him at all?
Whom dost thou make thy Captains, and dispose
Such offices unto, but unto those
(Some few excepted) who procure by friends
Command, and pay to serve their private ends,
These by their unrepented sins, betray
Thy *Cause*; by these, the honour, and the day
Is lost: and when thou hopest that thy trouble
Shall have an end, thy danger waxeth double.

We fain would be at peace, but few men go
That way, as yet, whereby it may be so.
We have not that humility which must
Effect it: we are false and cannot trust
Each other, no nor God with true confessions;
Which shews that we abhor not our transgressions.
It proves, that of our errors we in heart
Repent not, neither purpose to depart
From any folly. For all they that are
Sincerely penitent, do nothing fear
So much as their own guilt, nor seek to gain
Ought, more than to be reconcil'd again.
And they that are thus minded, never can
Be long unreconcil'd to God or man.
Believe me *England*, how soever some
Who should foresee thy plagues before they come,
Endeavour to perswade thee that thou hast
A hopeful time, and that the worst is past.
Yet I dare boldly tell thee, thou hast nigh
Worn out Gods patience by impiety.
And that unless the same we do remue
By penitence, our folly we shall rue.
And, if we do not more Gods will regard,
That mischief is but for a time defer'd.

Be mindful therefore while it is to *day*;
And let no good occasion slip away.
Now rend your hearts, ye *Britains*, wash and rinse them
From all corruption, from all evil cleanse them,
Go offer up the pleasing Sacrifice
Of *Righteousness*: from folly turn your eyes.
Seek peace, and follow it with strict pursuit:
Relieve the needy; Judgment execute;
Refresh the weary, right the fatherless:
The strangers and the widows wants redress:
Give praise to God, depend with lowly faith
On him, and what his holy *Spirit* saith:
Remember what a price thy ransom cost,
And now redeem the time that thou hast lost.
Return, return thou (oh backsliding Nation)
And, let thy tears prevent thy desolation:
As yet thou maist return: For Gods embrace
Is open for thee, if thou hast the grace
To give it meeting. Yet, Repentance may
Prevent the mischiefs of that evil day
Which here is mention'd: yet, thou maist have peace,
And by discreet endeavouring, encrease
Each outward grace, and ev'ry inward thing,
Which will additions to thy comfort bring.

Now grant us peace, O Lord! for perilous
The times are grown, and no man fights for us
But thou, O God! Nor do we seek or crave,
That any other *Champion* we may have.
Thy Church in these Dominions, Lord preserve
In purity, and teach us thee to serve
In holiness and righteousness, until
We shall the number of our days fulfil.
Defend this Kingdom from all overthrows,
By forraign Enemies, or home-bred foes.
Our King with ev'ry grace and vertue bless,
With thine honour, and his own encrease.
Inflame our Nobles with more love and zeal,
To thy true Spouse, and to this Common-weal.
Inspire our Clergy in their several places,
With knowledg, and all sanctifying Graces;
That by their Lives and Doctrines they may rear
Those parts of *Zion* which decayed are.
Awake these *People*, give them souls that may
Believe thy Words; and thy Commands obey.

FINIS.